'97 bonnie and clyde

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Category: IT (2017)
Genre: M/M, cause here we go, if ur good with that and ur down with that buckle the FUCK up, is richie a serial killer? find out next time on: pennywise falls, there is a mention of blood and corpses but
Language: English
Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier
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Summary:

Eddie isn't aware of what Richie does in his free time.

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Author's Note:

- For stellarmads.

> this is a surprise for my lovely wonderful fiance whom i love with all my heart. it occured to me when he was in the graveyard tonight bc u kno! dead things make the creative juices flow! or something like that.

The few hints Eddie had received, although not from Richie himself, just his house, had him all too curious as to what was really going on with Richie Tozier.

First, Eddie noticed that Richie always kept the basement door locked, even going as far as eyeing him when Eddie would walk down the hall towards it. When he finally asked him, he just got a shrug and Richie telling him, “It’s a BDSM dungeon.” Afterwards, Richie brushed it off and Eddie dropped the subject.

Next, he noticed the odd red stains around Richie’s bathroom sink, the one closest to the *basement*. Upon taking a sheet of toilet paper to wipe at it, he realized it was dry, and most likely-no, most *definitely* blood. His stomach churned and suddenly he had to use the restroom again, but this time, it came up the other way.

Finally, and probably the most terrifying, Eddie came over unannounced to Richie racing up his basement stairs, scalpel in hand and decked in an apron and gloves that were way bloodier than they should’ve been, ready to lunge at whoever was breaking in, only to come face to face with an absolutely *terrified* Eddie Kaspbrak.

“Oh, uh… Hey there, Eds! Want something to um… drink, maybe? Eat, if you can?” Eddie shouldered past him, making a beeline towards the bathroom to vomit up the bagel and ginger ale he had that morning. He heard footsteps, then heard Richie’s voice echo on the tiles, and turned his head into the toilet again after witnessing his apron for the second time.

“Listen, I can explain-”

“I knew it! I fucking knew it, Tozier! You, of all losers would become a fucking *serial killer*, and I should’ve known! What, were you expecting me to see it and think ‘Yeah, sure, I’d like to be Bonnie and Clyde!’ because that’s not what I’m thinking right now! Holy fuck, I’m dating a murderer. This is so fucked up, this is *so fucked up*-”

“I’m not a damn murder, Eddie! I’m a professor!” Eddie met Richie’s gaze, still very unconvinced.

“Like I’m going to believe that! That’s what you told me when you said you got a job, yet I haven’t seen the damn college!” He sighed, cheek still resting on the cold ceramic of the toilet seat.

“It’s the University of Portland, I work in the anatomy and physiology department, which is why I’m bloody and have a scalpel. I work with cadavers and shit, some of my models I keep in my basement for preservation, ‘cause the damn college doesn’t have enough money to pay for formalin or anything, so I have to do that myself. I’m *trained*, though, so stop losing your shit.” Eddie’s eyes shifted between Richie’s and his uniform before letting them close and slouching against the wall.

“You have a basement full of dead people,” he said aloud, not particularly to Richie, but mostly to himself.

“Animals. The state won’t let you keep human cadavers in private property, so I have to order the shitty frogs and pigs and whatever that you dissect in biology in like, seventh grade.” Eddie nodded, albeit slowly, but still acknowledging what Richie had explained, absorbing the information.

“Please go change or something, it smells exactly like you think it would.” Richie laughed, but left the bathroom to slip into something more comfortable and a lot less bloodstained.

“You wanna shower with me Eds? I’ll smell real good, less like animal carcass,” he offered, washing his hands in the sink. Eddie groaned, closing his eyes and tossing his head back against the wall.

“So that’s a no on the shower?”

“Beep beep, Richie.”